

*The Tragicall*

A signe of dignity, a garish flagge,  
To bee the aime of every dangerous shot,  
A Queene in icast, onely to fill the sceane:  
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?  
Where be thy children, wherein dost thou ioy?  
Who sues to me and cries God saue the Queene?  
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?  
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee  
Decline all this and see what now thou art,  
For happy wife, almost distressed widdow:  
For ioyfull mother one that wailes the name:  
For Queene, a uery Catise crown'd with care:  
For one being sued too, one that humble sues:  
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me.  
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,  
And left me but a very prey to time,  
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:  
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not  
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?  
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,  
From which, euen heere, I slip my wearied necke,  
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:  
Farewell *Yorke's* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,  
These English woes will make me smile in France.  
*Qu.* O thou well skild in curses stay a while,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemyes.  
*Qu. Mar.* Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,  
Compare deaths happinesse with liuing woe,  
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,  
And he that slew them sowler then he is:  
Battering thy losse make the bad causer worse,  
Revoluing this will teach thee how to curse.  
*Qu.* My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,  
*Qu. M.* Thy woes will make them sharp & pierce like mine.  
*Dur.* Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*  
*Qu.* Windie attunies to your clients woes,  
A fiery succeders of intestate ioyes,

*of Richard the Third.*

Poore breathing orators of miseries,  
Let them haue scope, though what they doe impart  
Helpe not all, yet not doe they ease the hart.  
*Dur.* If so, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smoothe her  
My damned sonne, which thy too sonnes smother'd  
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.  
*Enter King Richard marching with drummes  
and trumpets.*  
*King.* Who intercepts my expedition?  
*Dur.* A she, that might haue intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,  
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.  
*Qu.* Had'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,  
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,  
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:  
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?  
*Dur.* Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarenc*?  
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?  
*Qu.* Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*,  *Vaughan*, *Gray*,  
*King.* A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,  
Let not the heauens heare these tell-taile women  
Raile on the Lord anointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets  
sounds.*  
Either be patient and intreat me faire,  
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,  
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.  
*Dur.* are thou my sonne?  
*King.* I, I thanke God, my Father and your selfe.  
*Dur.* Then patiently heare my impatience.  
*King.* Madam I haue a touch of your condition,  
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.  
*Dur.* I will be milde and gentle in my speech.  
*King.* and brieft good mother for I am in hast.  
*Dur.* art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,  
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.  
*King.* and came I not at last to comfort you?  
*Dur.* No by the holy roode thou know'st it well,  
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my hell.